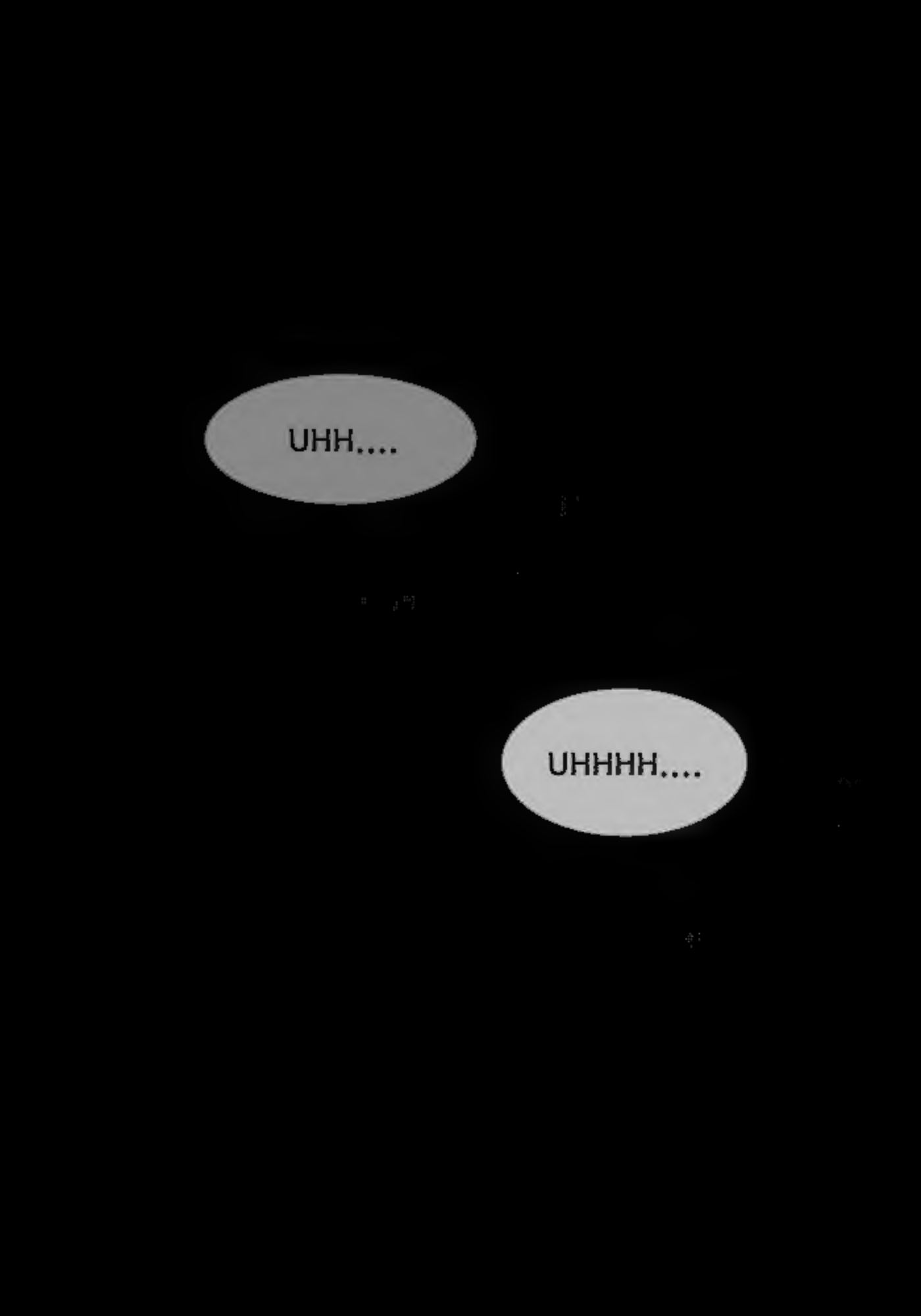

UHH....
UHHHH....

UHHHH....
NO, PLEASE...

PLEASE,
JUST ONCE....
PLEEEAAASE!

I HAD A DREAM.

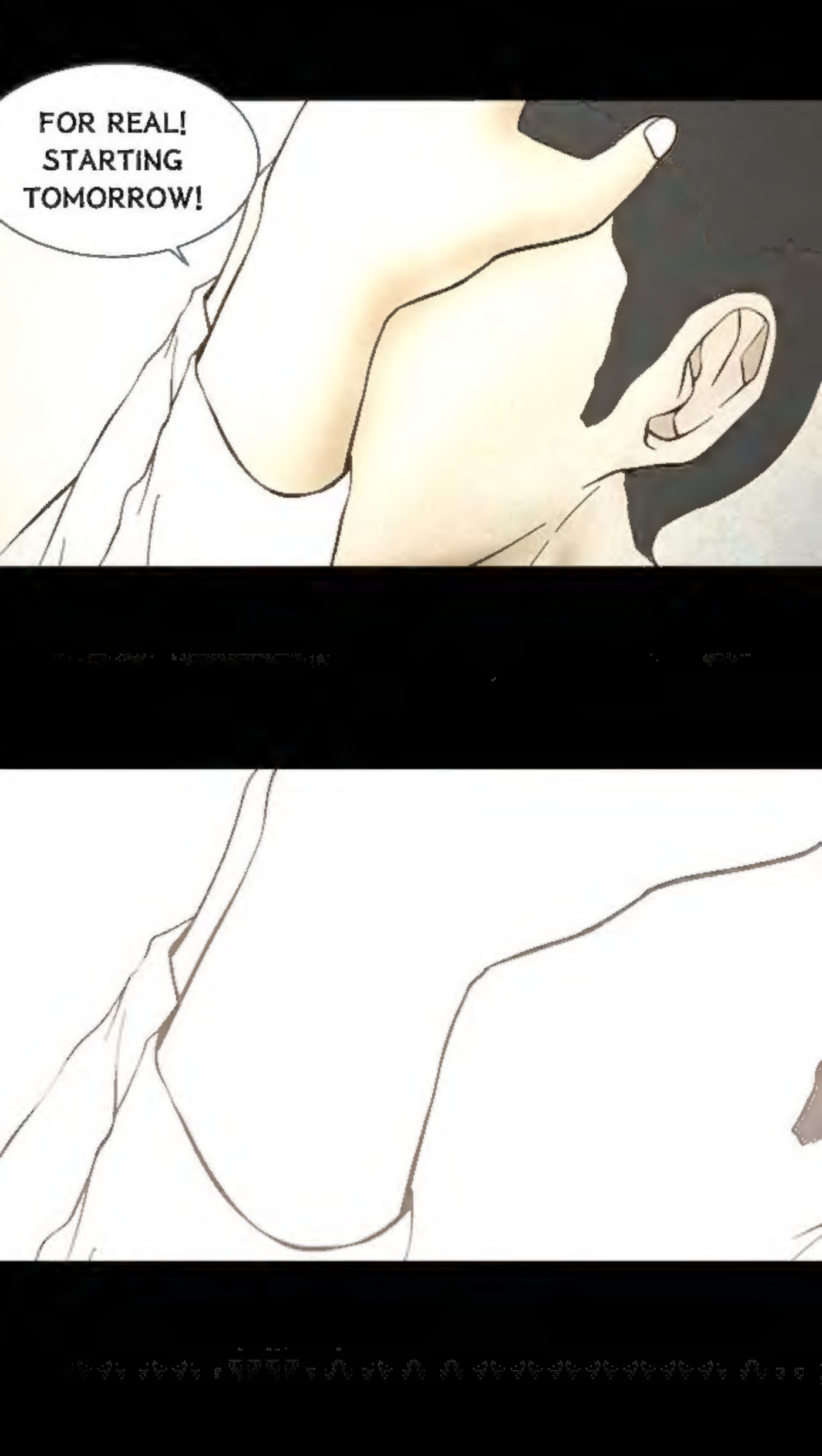
A LONG, VIVID AND TERRIFYING DREAM

OF THERE BEING NO TOMORROW,

OF NOT BEING ABLE TO LIVE TOMORROW.

MY WATCH
IS GONE!

AHH, IT WAS JUST A DREAM... WHAT A RELIEF. WHAT A RELIEF...
STARTING TOMORROW–


FOR REAL! STARTING TOMORROW!

I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE A SINGLE DAY.... I'LL LIVE LIFE TO THE FULLEST!!!!!

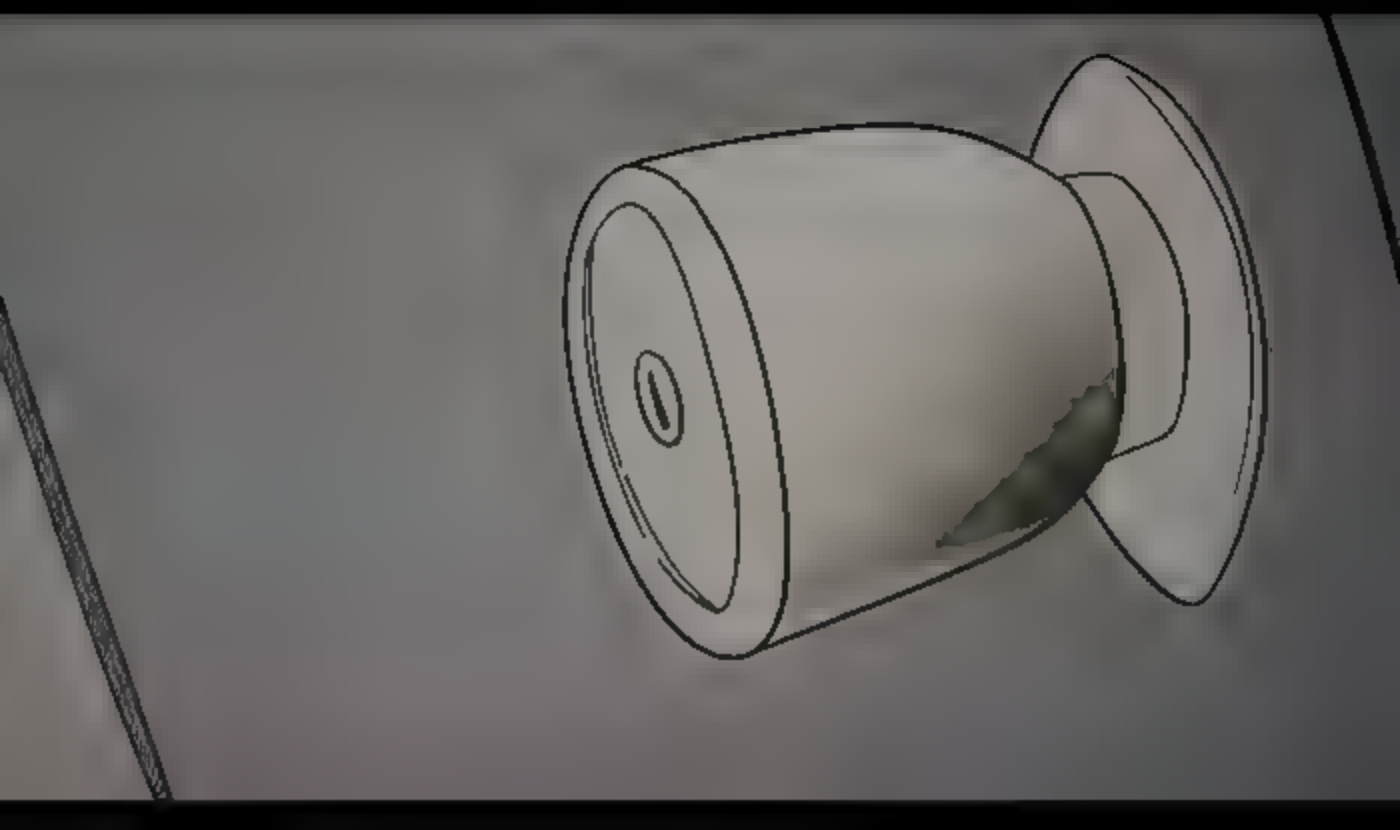
THEN

I HAD A DREAM

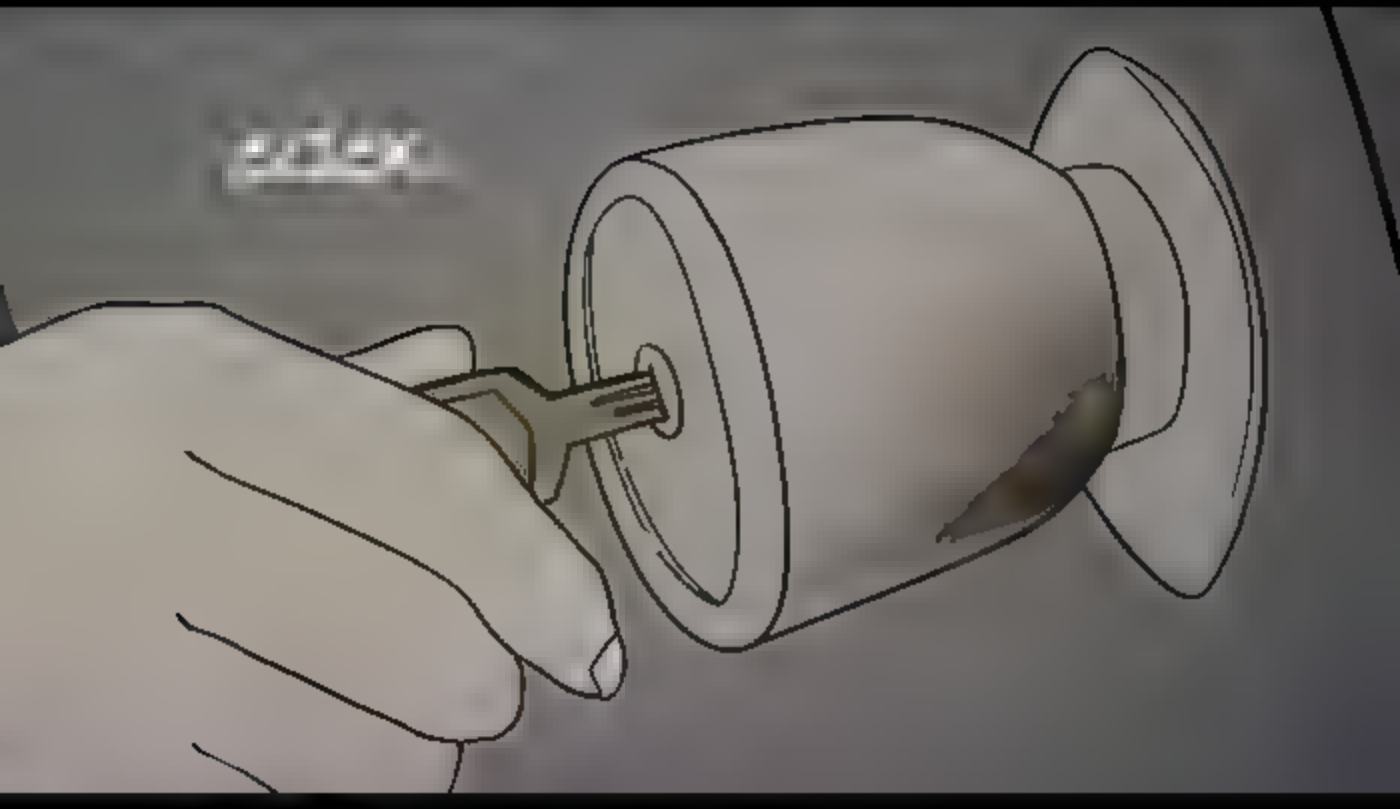
WHERE TOMORROW EXISTS...

FRIDAY
FORBIDDEN TALES
禁曜日

THE TRADING CENTER



MY FRIEND BOUGHT ME A DRINK.



I ASKED HIM TO MEET, TELLING HIM
I HAD SOMETHING ON MY MIND,
AND NATURALLY WE HEADED TO A BAR.
WHEN IT CAME TIME TO PAY,
I ACTED LIKE I WAS TYING MY SHOELACES.

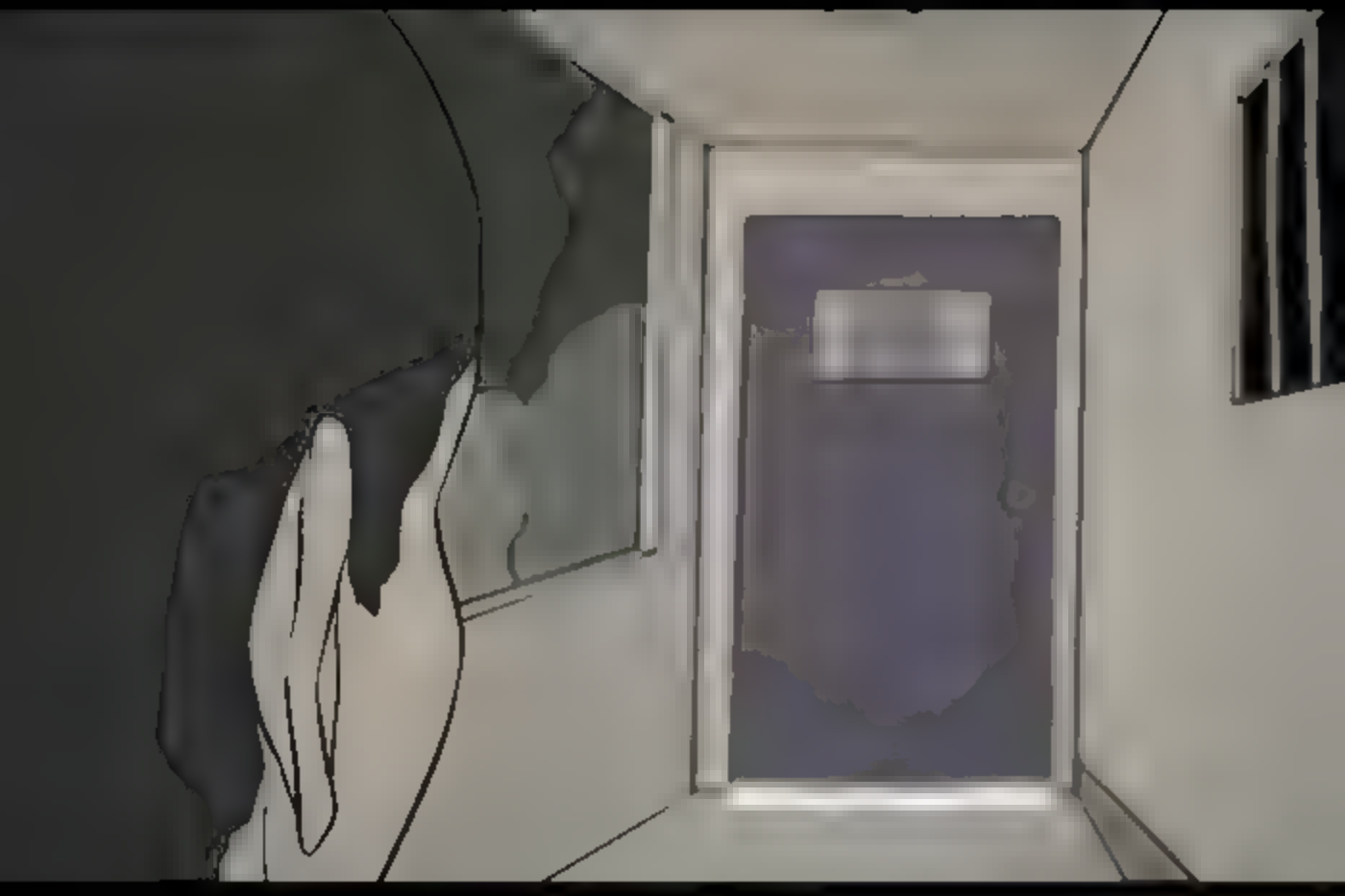
RATTLE
RATTLE
RATTLE
SHOOT.
IT'S BROKEN
AGAIN...

MY FRIEND DIDN'T LOOK VERY PLEASED AS HE PAID.

IT WAS THE KIND OF FACE THAT SEEMED TO SAY:

'I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS A$$HOLE PAY. WHAT A BUM.'

HUH?



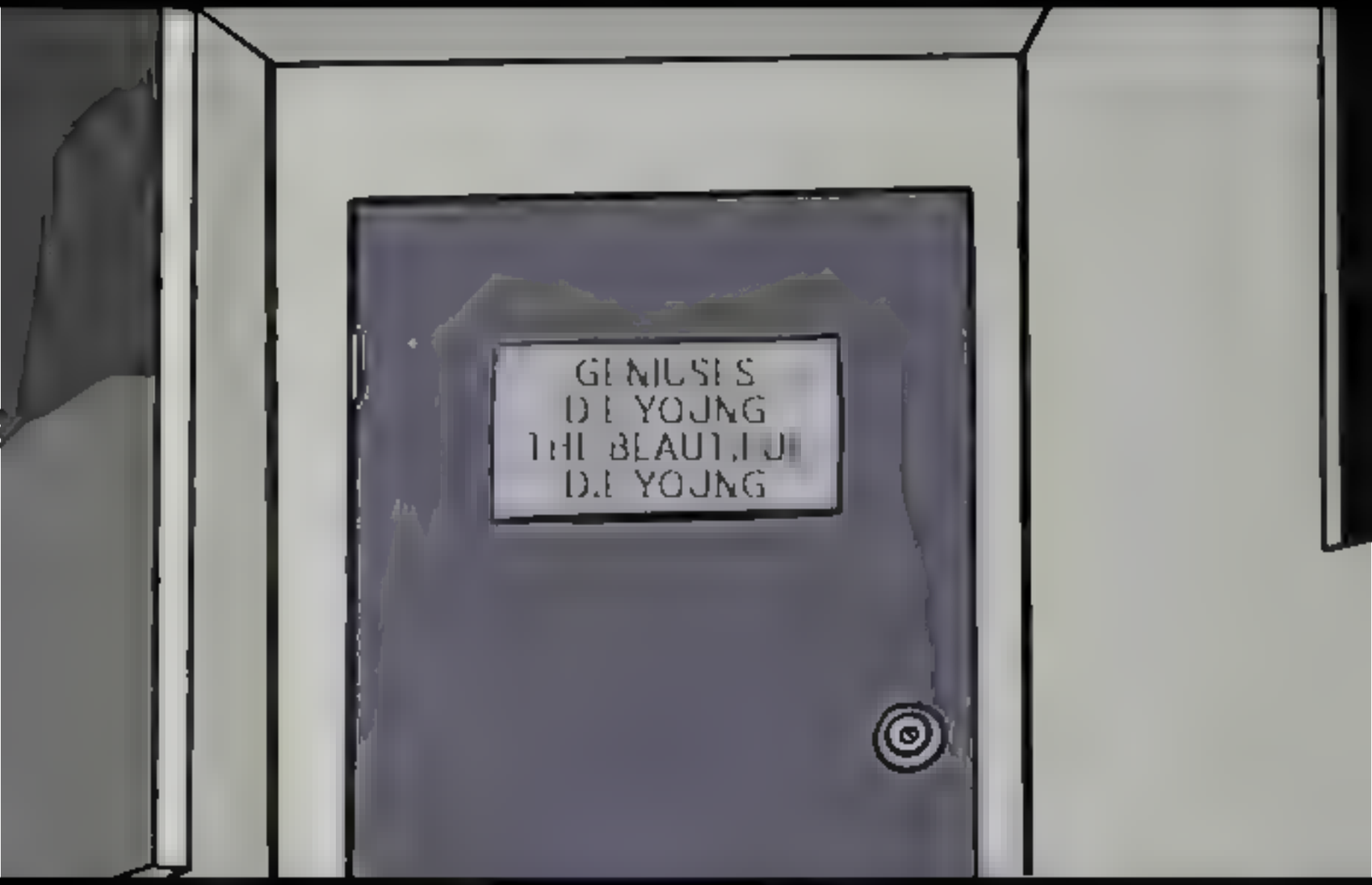
I SUDDENLY LOOKED UP,

AND THERE WAS A DOOR THAT I HAD

NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

I WONDERED IF MAYBE I WAS SEEING
THINGS BECAUSE I WAS DRUNK.

OR IF MAYBE IT WAS AN ILLEGAL
CASINO OR FAKE OFFICE.



WELL, I WOULDN'T HAVE MINDED THAT KIND OF THING.

SEEING LIGHT EMITTING FROM A SLIT IN THE DOOR,

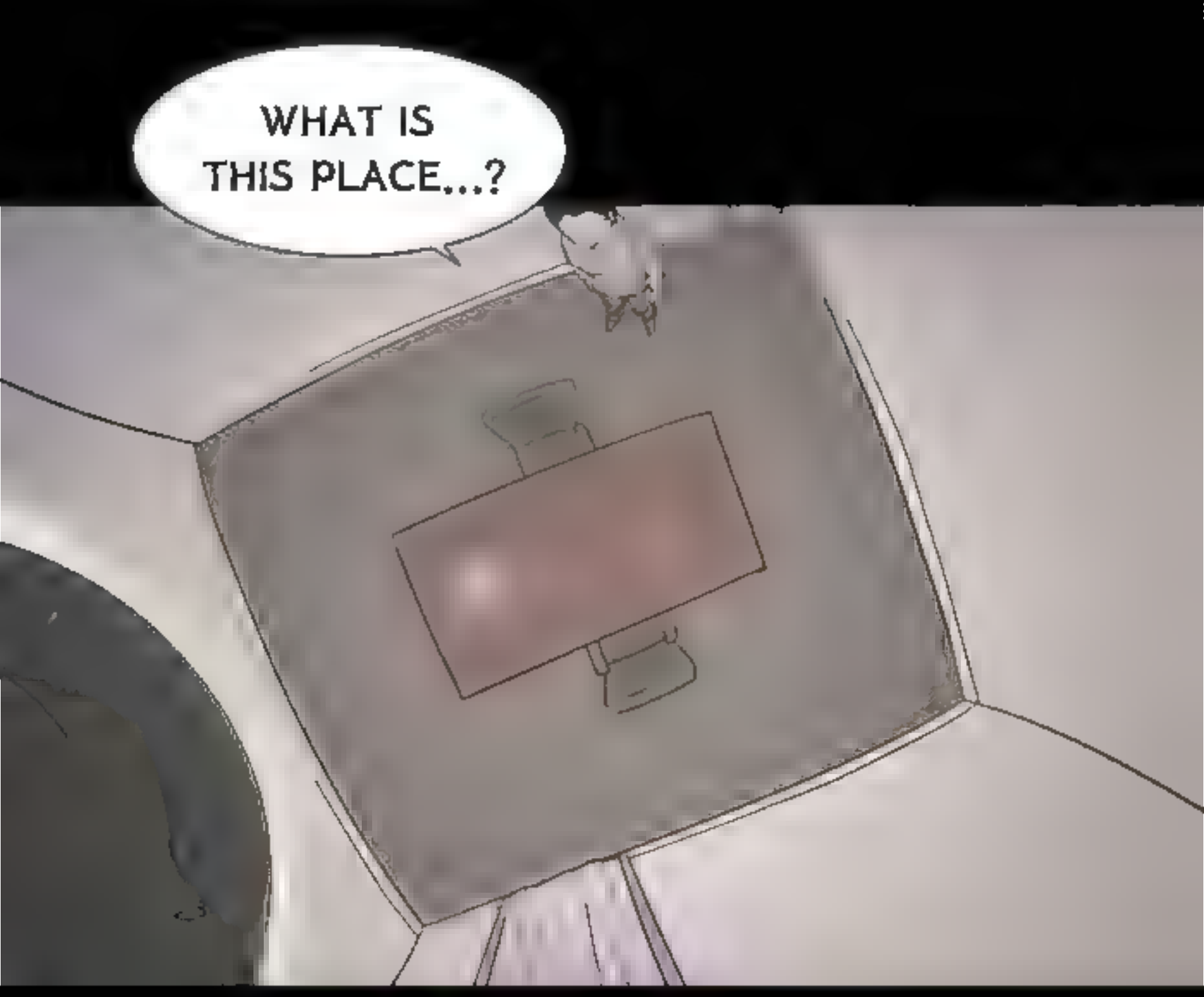
I THOUGHT PERHAPS I COULD BORROW A TOOL TO OPEN MY DOOR, SO I HEADED IN THERE, SENSING NOTHING WRONG AND OF COURSE STILL DRUNK.

IS ANYONE THERE?

IS ANYONE IN HERE?
CREEAAK-

THIS WAS MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH

THE 'TRADING CENTER,'



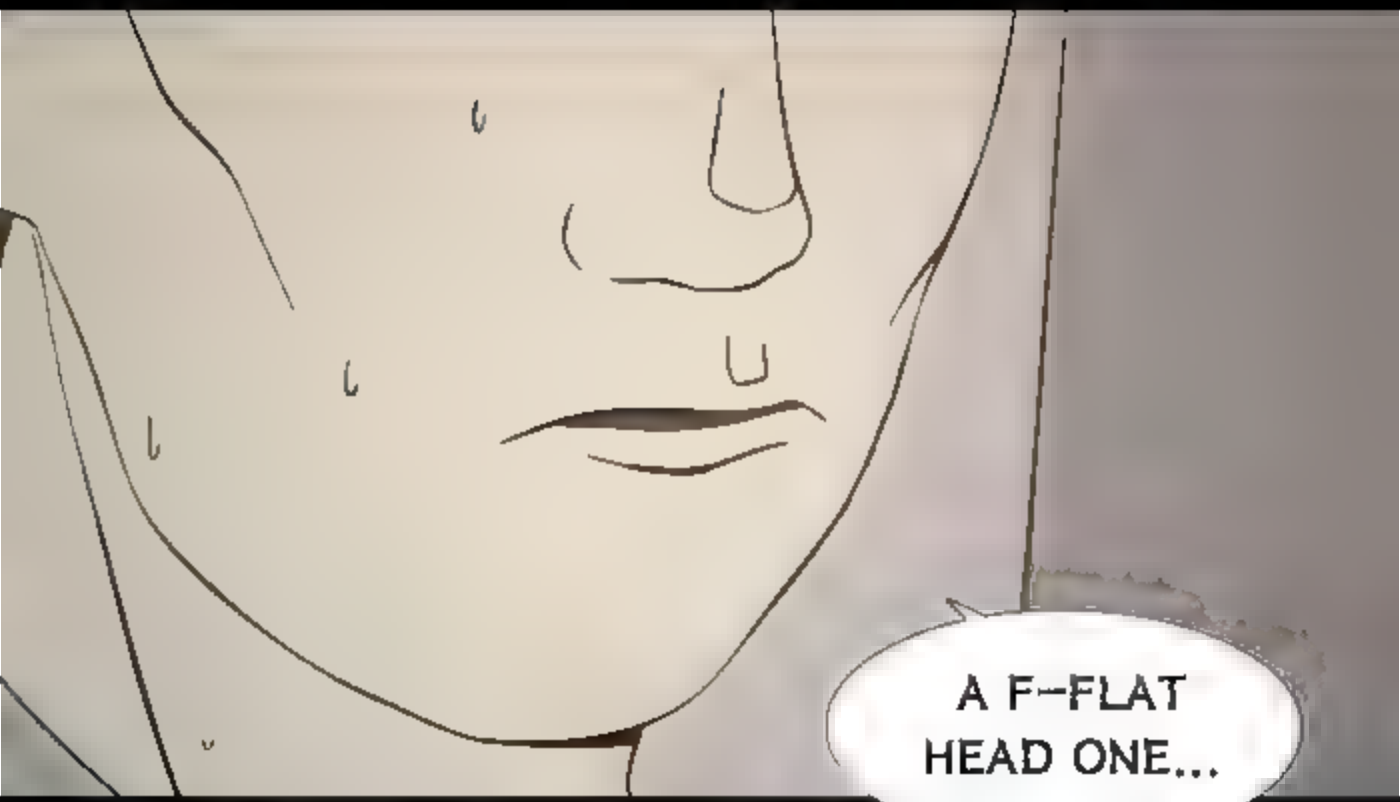
CORRECTION. IT WOULD BE ACCURATE TO SAY THAT IT WAS MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE 'HEAD OF THE TRADING CENTER.'

OUT OF NOWHERE,

A MAN WEARING A STRANGE MASK SUDDENLY

APPEARED AND GAVE ME A STRANGE GREETING.

AH, HI. UM...
I LIVE NEXT DOOR,
AND
MY DOOR IS LOCKED,
SO COULD I BORROW A
SCREWDRIVER?

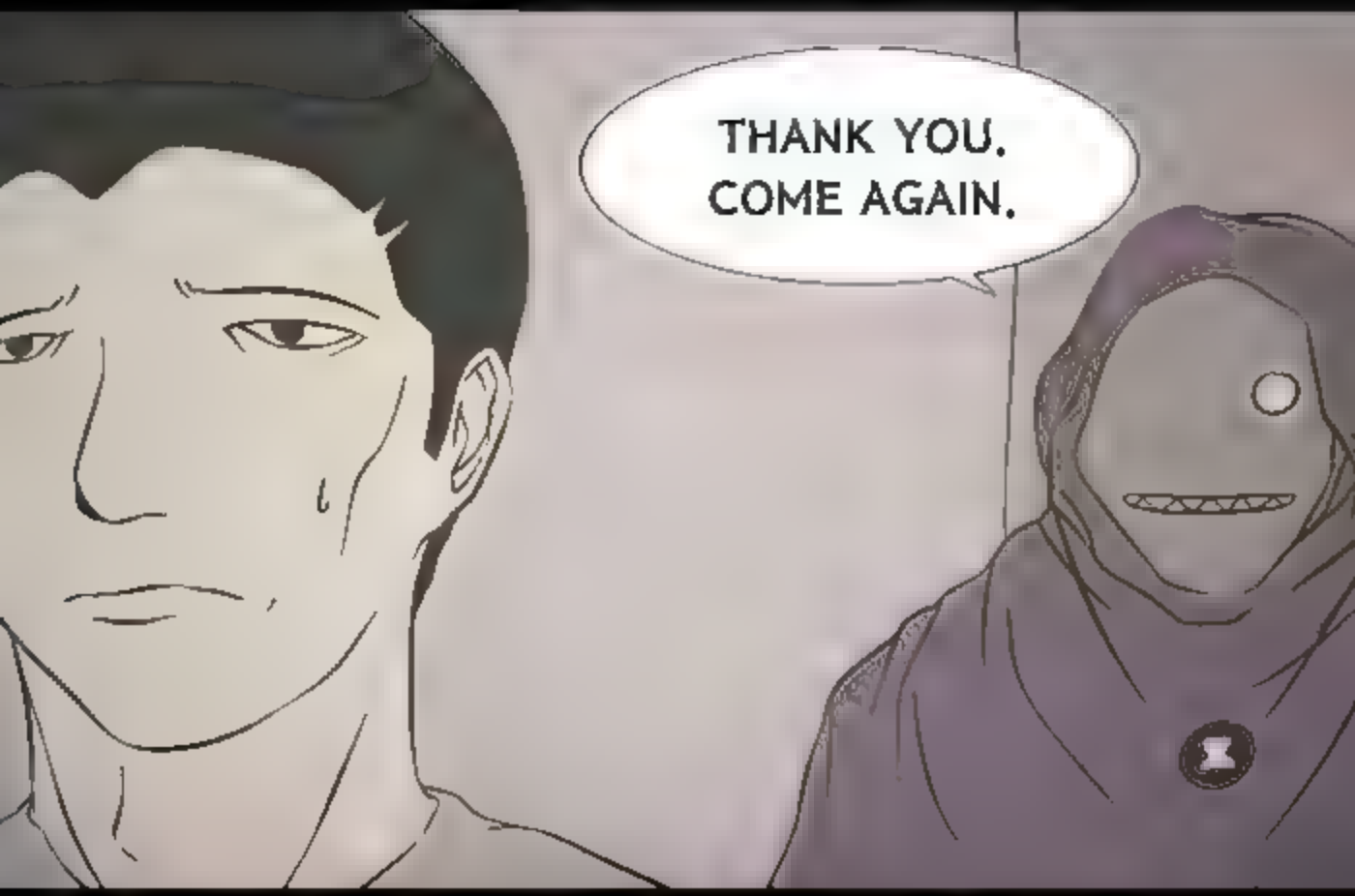


A MOMENT LATER...

WHAT THE HECK IS THIS LUNATIC RAMBLING ABOUT?

I HAD BETTER GET OUT OF HERE.

I'LL RETURN IT
IN A MINUTE.



WHY IS HE SAYING SOMETHING SO OBVIOUS?

I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO COME BACK AGAIN

TO GIVE BACK THE SCREWDRIVER.

CHHHHHH

THE
COMICS ARE
THE BEST!

AFTER STARING BLANKLY AT THE TV,

SUDDENLY, I RECALLED A CLUE AS

TO THE IDENTITY OF THAT PLACE.

GENIUSES
DIE YOUNG
THE BEAUTIFUL
DIE YOUNG
HEHE,
QUITE THE NAME
HE CAME UP
WITH.
THAT PLACE IS DEFINITELY
THE OFFICE OF SOME KIND OF CULT.

I CAN FEEL YOUR AURA GETTING WEAKER. YOU ARE DESTINED TO DIE YOUNG.

AT THE TIME,

THAT'S WHAT I IMAGINED.

THE NEXT DAY.

AFTER ROLLING AROUND AT HOME ALL MORNING,

THANKS FOR LETTING ME USE YOUR SCREWDRIVER.

CREAK-

IN ORDER TO RETURN THE SCREWDRIVER,
FIGURE OUT THE IDENTITY OF THAT OFFICE,

AND, IF MY GUESS WAS RIGHT,
TO LISTEN TO SOME PREACHY NONSENSE,

I RETURNED TO THAT PLACE,

WHAT I EXPERIENCED THERE

CAN SCARCELY BE BELIEVED.

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